I feel like a monster

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I feel like a monster

by wishin_bliss

Summary

A blackout happens on the Skeld, Red is by themselves... or are they?

I wrote this in 5 and a half hours???

Notes

Title from the song Monster by Skillet

I don't know where this came from… I just watched the show and something possessed me. I'm so serious.

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The Skeld whirrs through the sea of stars in space, the prominent hum echoing through the ship. In the cockpit, there's a clicking sound, then the mashing of buttons, then incomprehensible swearing, and oh, it's Red, dying in Minecraft again. They've probably been here for… two hours? Three? Who knows. As they're about to click the respawn button, a very intentional cough makes itself known. Red nearly drops their controller, fumbling around before turning in the chair to meet visor to visor with the unexpected intruder.

“Purp’s! Hey! I wasn't expecting to see you.” Red lets out an awkward laugh, face burning in embarrassment as they attempt to hide the evidence while not looking at the screen, jumbling with the buttons behind them. Based on Purple’s expression, it doesn't work.

“Are you seriously playing games when you're supposed to be piloting the ship?” Purple grits out, visor contorting in a frustrated expression. Eventually Red gets the game window closed, returning with a (frankly unconvincing) innocent expression.

“No such thing! I was merely uh…” They pull out their captain's handbook, not looking for guidance nope, definitely not that. Obsessively flipping through the pages, Purple lets out another groan, hand pinching their visor.

“Just do your damn job, okay? We both know how ass autopilot is.” Red tosses their handbook behind them at that response, pride seeping in.

“I’m the captain, Purple. I got this, don't worry about it. Why don't you go back to watching those cameras, hm?” Purple swears they see a twinkle in their visor when it winks, but the charm doesn't work. They give up anyway, muttering something under their breath before retreating to the hallway, and the door slides closed. Red lets out a breath they were holding, hands dragging down their face. Sure, Purple was right; autopilot was unreliable at best, but they weren't willing to swallow their pride for that. Or their right to play a video game. They are the captain after all! They make the rules! Yeah!

The lights going out causes them to jump out of their chair, losing their hat in the process. Okay, that's weird… they can't remember the last time a blackout happened. Red grumbles, blindly feeling around for their prized possession in the dark. They find the faint silhouette of it and make a happy sound, returning the hat to its rightful place. Stumbling to a standing position, they squint their visor, trying to adjust to the darkness. It doesn't help much, but they suppose being able to barely see the door is enough. Each step they take is careful; they

wouldn't want to trip after all. The need to help the crew starts to seep in, anxiety simmering deep in their veins. With the recent killings, this can't mean good news.

When they finally make it to the door, there's a hand that touches their back. Red screams, spinning around to meet the hand of the unknown owner.

“Woah, Red, it's okay, it's just me, y'know, unpaid intern guy?” Green's voice cuts through the silence; Red instantly relaxes and laughs.

“You sure had me there for a second; I'm glad it's you though.” They can feel the energy of the other even through the darkness; it's nice. Green grabs their face; it's not a super confident touch; it's light enough like they're scared Red will run. Red feels themselves subconsciously leaning into the touch; they do have some nice hands after all.

Well, not as great as Blue, but no one will ever be as great as Blue.

“What? Did you think I was going to *do something* to you?” Their voice sounds… off with that statement; Red doesn't know how else to put it. Green’s hand starts slowly petting Red, rustling their fur. They lean into it more, body warming in soft waves. There's something that's itching in the back of their mind, though; something doesn't seem right. This is nice, but the switch in tone and frankly mesmerizing touch while being in pitch black is very odd. *Wait, how did they-*

“Green?” Red asks, voice slightly trembling. They lean away from the welcoming hand and back up slightly.

“How exactly did you get in here?” There's a beat of silence, no response. Red can feel their heart beating in their chest; something was seriously wrong. They can barely see Green moving closer to them, and they take another step back in response, feeling their bag bump against the wall.

“I came in here after the lights went out because I was worried about everyone and found you.” This doesn't make sense; Red never heard the door open. Even if they got in before,

Red still would have seen them. A shiver runs down their spine, and the flames of fear tickle their soul.

“You're lying to me.”

“Maybe I am.” Red can feel the audible grin in their voice; their heart skips a beat. Fingers twitch anxiously; they look for the emergency door lock handle somewhere off to their left while still attempting to hold eye contact. Green catches onto their antics and grips their hand with significantly more force this time. Red yanks their hand out of Green’s hold with little resistance, and they let out an ominous laugh.

“Why don't I show you a little secret?” They hum. Adjusted to the darkness a little better, Red watches in horror as the body of their friend contorts and warps before a fleshy tentacle sprouts from their hide. They freeze, body locked in a state of complete panic.

“You're one of them.” Red breathes out, gaze unmoving from the erratic appendage. It wraps around them, not tight enough to be asphyxiating, but enough that squirming is futile. Still, they fight against the hold, adrenaline taking over.

“Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you. In fact, I like you, a lot.” *What?* The words spun in Red’s head. They must be lying; this is a method to lull them into a false sense of security. Red would never trust an impostor! Not with the lives of their friends or their own life.

Right…?

“And I know you like me too.” Green snickers, tentacle gently caressing Red’s visor. They felt dizzy, lightheaded even; they weren't even being squeezed that hard. Amongst all of the waves of emotions Red is feeling right now (their friend and crush being an impostor, the deaths of 4 of their friends, the fact that this impostor doesn't want to kill them and likes them), Red finds the confidence in themselves to respond.

“What makes you think that?” The alien laughs; it brings the same dread back to Red’s veins. They can feel the pulse of the tentacle, unnatural and distinctly alive. The rhythm matches

theirs; it's oddly soothing? What a weird way to put it. Green's body shifts again, a second tentacle sprouting out of the same hole.

"Maybe," They pause; the tentacle rides up Red's thigh slowly for emphasis before rubbing the tip of their hard cock. The whine that slides out of Red is downright *sinful*.

"It's that you got a boner over just being pet by me?" Well, that does explain a lot. Still, shame bubbles up in them, and they feel themselves blushing profusely, wriggling in Green's hold again. Green squeezes them tighter this time, and they wheeze as oxygen is revoked from their lungs. They swear they can see stars dancing in their vision when the coil is loosened. Green growls, deep enough that it vibrates Red's very soul.

"Why don't you be a good crewmate? Sit still and look pretty, let me take care of you." Red simply does that, the fear and horror gone (mostly; it might also be arousing, they aren't entirely sure) and lies pliant. The impostor purrs happily, wrapping its free tentacle around Red's cock, stroking it slowly. They leak desperately around the appendage, trying (and failing) to silence their sounds of pleasure. It's dry and it's soft and the friction is amazing and it's *so fucking good*. Red's visor glimmers in the darkness with bliss, head sinking into a fog as they just take it. The tentacle twists just in a way that makes Red nearly choke, shaking in Green's hold with need.

"So sensitive…" They mumble aimlessly, enamoured by the effect they have on the crewmate. Their (fake?) hands reach out and grab handfuls of Red's pristine ass, kneading the flesh between their fingers. Red keens under the touch, back arching from ecstasy. They feel the familiar heat in their gut stirring, spurred on by the delicious tugs on their dick. They pant, nearing the edge of their orgasm, *just a little more.*

The amazing sensation leaves Red hanging, and they want to *cry*.

"I know, but don't you want something *more?*" Green coos, voice deepening near the end of the sentence. There's a wet squelching sound; Red can just barely make it out in their blurry vision. The sight makes them drool when they do catch a glimpse though; a new, different tentacle sprouts out from between Green's legs. It was textured with soft pointed flesh and leaked copious amounts of clear liquid that Red could swear they saw shine. They nod eagerly, spreading their legs open without even being asked.

“You're quite the freak, Red.” *Hypocrite*, they want to respond, but the second that slick tip presses against their hole, all resistance leaves. Red pushes down against it, melting from just the tip pushing into their tight ring of muscle. The alien growls again, a warning: *stay in your place*. Red whimpers like they're in heat, denied the treat of relief. Green seems to be holding back, some sort of uncontrolled nature trying to take over. They shake as their tentacle dick pushes further into Red's tight heat. Red gasps as the intrusion fills them further, slinking deeper and deeper inside of them. They bask in the feeling of being full, moaning with every squelch and tug from the irregular fleshy bits on the tentacle. Green is not well composed either, shaking and groaning from the intensity.

There's a high-pitched moan that rings out in the air as Green rubs against a certain sensitive spot. They make their appendage rub against that spot again with fervour, rewarding the alien with whiny moans. Red shakes in their hold, overwhelmed with pleasure as they continue to push back on the welcome intrusion, trying to get it as deep as possible. Green can't hold back anymore, shoving the rest of their entire length inside of Red’s quivering hole. They yell, tears pricking at the edges of their visor as their insides are stretched. Red catches a glimpse of their belly and whimpers at the stretched flesh, squeezing tighter around Green.

“So good and full of me, what a good crewmate.” Green pants out, receiving a delightful keen in return. They pull out just slightly before rutting back into Red's tight ass, panting. Red’s head is spinning, practically floating amongst the stars, knowing nothing other than just how good they feel. The alien pulls out fully this time, giving a good proper thrust, feeling like they reached even deeper than before. They memorized that spot that drove Red crazy and constantly rubbed against it with every thrust. Their punched-out moans kept motivating them to go deeper, faster, reach that release that Red oh so beautifully begged for.

Speaking of begging, there were non-stop pleas leaving Red's voice now. Aching desperately to cum as their now neglected dick dripped pitifully between them. Tears were truly streaming down their face now, akin to what Green would consider a work of art. Red sizzled under Green’s watchful eye, blush rivalling the colour of their own fur. Impostors had excellent night vision, and that came in handy perfectly here. Green’s gut tightened as they neared their release, rolling their hips inside Red every other thrust. They cried beautifully, coaxing Green to their climax.

“Please… please need- *mhh*- need you to cum in me so bad please please *please*.” And that was all it took; with one last deep roll of their hips, Green came inside their partner, filling them to the brim with every drop. Red squirmed and twitched as their climax hit, webs of cum shooting onto Green and their own stomach. They both gasped for oxygen, pulses beating in unison. There was a moment of silence between the two, just catching their own breaths. Then, Green lets out a low whine; the crewmate is about to ask what's wrong until they feel it. They cry out as their stomach gets filled even more, this time with eggs. Green

pulses against the other, pumping their spawn inside of Red one at a time. There are three, then four, and after that Red loses count of how many there are in there; they can practically feel their stomach splitting open.

“No more, please…” They whine out, falling boneless in the alien’s grasp.

“One- *fuck*- one more.” Green pants, pushing the last egg inside their partner and slumping against them. The lights turn on and the two hiss in pain from the light sensitivity. Really now though, Red can get a great look at their partner, still plugging their hole, a dishevelled mess of tentacles and cum and (whatever that pink stuff is.) It's oddly domestic; it doesn't feel weird or scary anymore. Both simply relax, basking in the afterglow and company of each other; no words need to be said.

That is until the door in the cockpit slides open.

“Alright, I don't know who the hell sabotaged the lights, but I had to be the one to fix them and-” Purple's sentence stops dead in its tracks; they're stuck processing for a moment from observing the two before reality truly hits them.

“**WHAT THE FUCK???**”

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